OVIDS
REMEDY
Of Love.

DIRECTING
Lovers how they may
by Reason suppresse the
sion of *Love*.

Mutare quæ turpia. Hor. Epist. 16. Lib. 1.

LONDON,

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On the Author and Booke.

One being of a gentle disposition,
Whom moov'd by Lovers sighes unto contrition
Sorbat the sweet strain Ovid he inspires
With a soft showre to quench those amorous fires
Blowne up by the Art of Love, so that you see
Love hath prepar'd for Love a Remedy.
Wandring Æneas talk't the faire Queene Dido
In love, and after slew'd the Royall Maddow
Within a Cave: Our Poet doth approve
A chaster way in's Remedy of Love,
Closing those wounds that did before lie open,
In such sort, that no Maidenhead shall be broken.
He wipeth teares from the sad Lovers eyes,
And does instruct him wittily to despise
His Mistresse scorne, and all in Lines so sweete,
That every leafe may be Loves Winding sheete.

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OVID

OVIDS
Remedie of Love.

Liber 1.

WHen *Love* the Title of this booke had read,
Warres against me (saith he) are threatened.
Cupid doe not condemne him of that crime,
Who is thy *Poet*, and hath many a time
Borne up those colours thou deliverd'st me,
And for my guide and Captaine followed thee.
I am not fierce *Tydides* who did wound
Thy Mother *Venus*, so that in a swound
In *Mars* his Chariot thee was found to fly,
And returne to Heaven through the mourned skie.
Some young men are in love but for a time,
But I to love doe alwayes full incline:
And if you would know now what I doe doe,
I must confesse, I am in love now too.
Though I did once such Rules of love impart,
As did reduce that passion to an Art.

Will not now betray thee gentle Boy,
Nor yet my *Art of Love* will I destroy.
That which I in my former Worke have done,
By my new *Muse* shall not be now unspun.
If any one doe love, and love aright,
Placing his love where it doth yeeld delight,
Affording sweet contentment to his mind,
Let him proceed still with a prosperous wind.
But if any one love a disdainfull Maid,
Then by this Art his griefe shall be a lay'd;
Whose Rules if he peruse, he shall not dye
For her disdaine, or scornefull cruelty.
For why should Lovers whom love doth entangle,
Themselves so often with a halter strangle?
Why with their daggers should they stab their breast?
Love, thou art blam'd who lovest peace and rest.
Let him ceale to love, who needs for love will dye,
Be not thou Author of his Tragedy.
Thou art a Boy, and unto sport shouldst runne,
And a soft government doth thy yeeres become.
Thou mayst use naked arrows in the Warres,
But thy gilt Darts doe leave no mortall skarres.
Let others in Swords and in sharpe Speares delight,
And get the victory by a bloody fight.
Reverence thou thy mothers Arts more mild,
By which no mother hath lost her deare child.
By thy powers let the doores at night resound
With knocking, and with flowry wreaths be crown'

Let fearefull Mayds and young men by ſtealth meet,
Let wives their wary husbands finely cheat,
Make the Lover flatter at the doore, and chide,
While he ſhut out doth ſinging there abide.
To ſee their teares, not death ſhould make thee ſmile,
Thy Torch is unfit to light a funerall pile.
When I had ſpoken thus, golden *Love* diſplay'd
His Pearle-embroidred wings, and to me ſaid,
Finiſh thy worke which thou haſt now begun,
And you deceiv'd young men unto me come,
You that love hath deceiv'd in every kind.
Here by my precepts you ſome helpe ſhall finde.
And learne from him that did the Rules impart
Of love, how you may cure your ſelves by Art:
That the ſame hand which wounded you, againe
May heale you, and may mitigate your paine. (riſh,
The earth both wholeſome hearbs & weeds doth che-
And by the Roſe the Nettle oft doth flouriſh.
And *Palias* Speare ſuch vertue did conceale,
That it would make a wound, and it would heale.
To men and maydens I declare my Art,
Striving to arme them both in every part;
Wherein if ſome things not ſo uſefull be,
Yet by example you the way may ſee:
My purpoſe is good, to quench Loves cruell flame,
That no vice in thy ſervile breſt may reigne.
Phyllis had liv'd, if ſhee had ruled beene
By thoſe precepts which may here be read, and ſeene

For dying *Dido* had not seene that houre,
When she beheld from the top of her Towre
The *Trojan* Ships, that would no longer stay,
Hoist up their sayles, and forthwith steale away.
And *Progne* with her sorrow growing wilde,
To vexe her husband had not kild her childe.
Though *Philomela Tereus* did please,
My Art had helpt him, and cur'd his disease;
So that he had not merited to be
Transform'd to a bird for his impiety.
Pasiphae had not a Bull affected.
And *Phedra* had her filthy love neglected,
Menelaus had his *Helena* enjoy'd,
Nor by the *Grecians* had *Troy* beene destroy'd.
If wicked *Scylla* this booke had but read,
Nisus purple haire had still growne on his head.
Let losing lovers learne how to asswage,
By my instruction their Loves furious rage,
That their ship may with the rest saile fairely on,
While I their faithfull guide and Pilot am.
You should have *Ovid* read when you begun
To love, and now you may read him againe;
For I will helpe him whom love doth oppresse,
Then favour him that helpes you in distresse.
And I intreate thee now when I begin,
Even thee *Apollo*, whose brow is hem'd in
With the greene Laurell, thou that didst invent
Both Verse and Physick, further my intent.

Helpe

Helpe thou thy Poet playing the Physitian,
Both which Arts belong unto thy jurisdiction.
When Sun-light motions doe affection stirre,
Stay them before that they doe goe too farre.
Quench those new flames before they gather force,
And stop in the beginning of thy course.
Time and delay doe bring the imperfect shapes
Of desire to ripenesse, as time ripens Grapes.
And which was a tender blade in showes
In time unto an eare of corne doth grow.
The tree that doth afford a spreading shade
To those that walke or underneath are laid.
Like to a small twig at first it did appeare,
At what time it was set or planted there,
Then it might have beene pluckt up with our hands,
Now bigger growne it firmely rooted stands.
Consider first what she is thou dost love,
And from the galling yoake thy necke remove.
"Prevent beginnings, Physicke are too late at length,
"When thy sicknesse by delay hath gathered strength.
Make haste, in good things alwaies shun delay,
"He'le be unfit to morrow, that's unfit to day.
Love flatters us, and is nourisht by delay,
If you would shake it off, shake it off to day.
You shall see few Rivers that from great springs flow,
But as they run they still more larger grow.
O *Mycale!* hadst thou soone perceived thy flame,
To a Mayd lover thou hadst not transformed beene.

I have

Some seeme a wound that curable did seeme
At first, yet by delay hath worser beene.
Or because we doe take delight to gather
Faire *Venus* flowers, we do deferre it rather,
And flattering of our selves, we still doe say,
We'le doe to morrow as we did to day.
While secret flames into our hearts doe creepe,
And ill affections there are rooted deepe,
But if thou lett'st the first time slippe and perish,
And that thy breast an ancient flame doth cherish:
The work's the greater, yet in helplesse state
I'le not leave him, though I'me cald somewhat too late.
The *Peancian* Heroe should have with all speed
Cut off that part whence his wound did proceede.
Yet many yeares afterward, as it then seem'd,
Being cur'd, he brought those warres unto an end.
I that can cure Love, when it first doth grow,
When Love doth older waxe the cure is slow.
Strive at the first to quench thy wanton flame,
Or when the strength of it is spent againe.
At first yeeld to it, let it take its course,
It's hard to resist at first a violent force.
He is a foole that against the streame will rowe;
Or swimme, when as he round about may goe.
The impatient minde will no impression take,
All admonitions it doth scorne and hate.
I'le goe to him, when I his wounds may open,
Then he'le endure to heare truth when 'tis spoken.

While

While that a mother doth the funerals keepe
Of her sonne, who will forbid her then to weepe,
Unlesse it be one that is voyd of reason?
Or then to admonish her is out of season.
But when she with teares hath eased her sicke minde,
Then her griefe may by words some comfort finde.
Physicke in season given doth availe;
But given unseasonably, hurts without faile.
You strengthen vice, while you seeke to redresse it,
If you strive out of season to suppresse it.
Therefore when thou art curable by Art,
This Rule I first of all to thee impart.
Admonish thee most carefully to shun
Idlenesse, whence all wicked thoughts do come.
This makes thee love, and doth that love maintaine;
This causes, and doth feede that prety paine.
Take away idlenesse, and *Cupids* dart
Hath then no power at all to wound the heart,
His Torch hath then no flame or light, but lies
Contemn'd, and every one doth it despise.
As the *Poplar*, and *Osier* love the Rivers banke,
And the marish Reed loves a muddy soile that's rank,
So *Venus* in soft ease doth take much pleasure.
Then let some businesse give thy thoughts no leasure,
If to expell Loves passion thou desire,
For businesse maketh Loues flame soone expire;
Soft ease, and spending as thou list the time
In sleeping, and immoderate drinking Wine,

Weakens

Weakens the mind, and maketh it decay:
For treacherous Love the unwary doth betray.
" Love haunts the slothfull, hates those he doth fi
Busie, then give imployment to thy minde.
Goe to the Courts, and heare how they doe plead,
Study Law, or else for thy friend intercede:
Sometimes goe forth, and walke into the Towne,
Or behold the trainings of the City-gowne:
Or practise bloody *Mars* his youthfull Art,
And those conceits of Love will soone depart.
Goe to the Warres, where *Cæsars* troopes doe lie,
'Gainst the *Parthians* to obtaine a victory:
Both *Cupids* and the *Parthian* shafts orecome,
And bring two Trophies to thy Country home.
Why *Ægisthus* was a murderer wouldst thou know
The cause was, because he did idle grow.
Others were fighting at the siege of *Troy*,
Which *Greece* with all her force sought to destroy.
Would he follow Warres, at *Argos* none then we
The Courts of Law at *Argos* empty were:
So that he lov'd when nought else could be done:
For love from idlenesse doth always come.
The Country and Husbandry also yeeld delight:
These cares all other cares doe banish quite.
Sometimes thou maist yoke thy Oxen, and so woo
With thy crooked ploughshare the hard clay groun
And sometimes with the Harrow cover o're
Thy seed, which thy field with interest may restore.

Loo

Looke how the crooked boughs bent downwards lie
With the weight of Apples that are ripe and faire,
So that the labouring tree can hardly beare
Those fruits which from her first produced were.
Look how soft streames with a sweet murmur passe
Looke how the sheepe graze on the fruitfull grasse,
Marke how the Goats the stony rocks doe climbe,
Suckling their Kids when it is evening time,
While the Shepheard pipes on his reed doth lye,
And his watchfull dogges doe beare him company.
And then a Cow doth make the woods resound
With lowing for her Calfe as yet unfound.
Sometimes you may with smoake put under, drive
The young brood of Bees out of their waxen hive:
And having tooke their Honey got with paine,
You may then hive the tender brood againe.
Autumne yeelds apples, *Summer* yeelds fruites,
The *Spring* yeelds flowers, and fire with *Winter* suits.
The Country-man gathers Grapes at a fee time,
And with naked feet doth presse out the new wine.
And certaine times he cutteth downe his hay,
Rakes it, and makes it, and beares it away.
Or in the Garden thou maist graffe and plant,
And water those hearbs which doe wanting want.
And sometimes thou mai't make incision,
The graft unto the stock thereby to joyne,
That so the stock of any home-bred tree
With outlandish boughs and fruit may cover'd be.

When these pleasures to thy mind delight doe bring
Then *Love* will fly away on a weake wing.
Besides, thou maist sometimes a hunting run,
Venus hath oft by *Diana* been o'recome.
Sometimes with Hounds the Hare before thee chase,
Sometimes thy nets on the shady mountaines place,
Or pursue the Hart, and put him in a feare,
Or wound the Boare with thy sharp-pointed Speare;
That at night thou weary, fast asleepe maist fall,
And of thy Sweet-heart take no care at all.
While satisfying rest thy body may refresh,
And banish Love which did thy mind oppresse.
Or thou maist take the light-wing'd Birds sometime
Or goe a fishing with thy hooke and line:
Covering the crooked hooke with such a baite,
That shall make the greedy Fish bite at it straight.
By these and the like wayes untill thou leave
To love, thou must thy selfe thy selfe deceive.
And if *Love* fetters thou wouldst faine off shake,
Then some long journey thou must undertake:
And though thou weepe for being so unkind, (mind
When thy Sweet-heart's name doth come into thy
Yet still goe farre from her, goe farre I say,
And the more thou art unwilling for to goe,
Remember to quicken thy pace when 'tis slow.
Offer violence to thy selfe, and so goe on,
And enforce thy feet away from her to runne.

Let no light showre of raine thy journey stay,
Nor the observation of an Holy-day:
Nor yet enquire how many miles thou hast gon,
But rather enquire how many are to come.
Nor poore excuses, nor delaies doe not faine,
That somewhat neare to her thou maist remaine.
Doe not thou reckon the time that is past,
Nor unto *Rome* a longing looke backe cast,
But see that thou doe from her runne and flye,
As the *Parthian* would doe from his enemy.
Some will say my Rules are hard, I know't my selfe,
But thou wilt suffer much to gaine thy health.
In sicknesse I have drunke a bitter joyce,
And was deny'd that dyet I would chuse.
Thou canst endure to bee lanched and feard, to regaine
Thy bodys health, and canst from drinke refraine:
And to suffer any thing wilt thou deny,
For thy mindes health, and her recovery?
Since that the minde is a part farre compleater
Then any body, and of price farre greater.
Though the entrance of my Art seeme hard, the first
"Beginning of a worke seemes hard and worst.
At first the Heyfer's wrung with the hard yoake,
At first the saddle galleth the swift Colt.
Thou wilt say, it grieves thee to depart from home,
Which makes thee to returne when thou art gon:
But 'tis thy sweethearts love thee hom hath brought,
While thou with faire words covereſt thy fault.

Depart

Depart but from her eyes, and thou shalt see
The Country will yeeld comfort unto thee.
And the length of the way will helpe to banish
Thy cares, and company will make it vanish.
Yet thinke it not enough for to depart
From her that is thy Love, and thy Sweet-heart.
But thou must stay from her, till thy desire
Doe lose its strength, and ashes hide thy fire.
If thou returne before thou hast quencht thy flame,
Rebellious love will assault thee againe.
Then shalt be what thou wa'st, thy love shall burne
The more by absence when thou dost returne.
Thinke not if thou inchanted herbs dost use,
And Magicks Arts, they can thy help produce.
Thogh of charmes it ancient and old,
But my harmelesse Verse doth in new way unfold.
For I will force the ghost his grave to leave,
Nor old wife with her charmes the earth shal cleave.
I will not blast the Corne, or make it faile,
Nor *Phœbus* in his sphere shall not waxe pale.
Tyber (as he was wont) to the Sea shall flow,
The Hound be drawn with horses white as snow.
I will not make thy breast with charmes lay by
Thy cares, nor make inchanted love to fly.
What helpe did inchanted herbs lend thee or ayd
Medea, when thou wouldst at home have staid?
And what did *Circe* by her charming Art,
When *Ulysses* ships did from the shoare depart?

Thou striv'st to make thy crafty guest still stay,
But he hoisted up his sailes and fled away.
Thou that to a thousand shapes couldst men transforme,
Thy mindes affection couldst not change nor turne.
Thou striv'st to expell Loves cruell flame,
But Love did still within thy breast remaine.
For 'tis said, that when *Vlysses* would be gone,
Thou to detaine him thus to speake begun.
I doe not now entreate thee for to bee
My husband, though that hope was once in me:
Though I deserv'd to be thy wife hereafter,
Being a goddesse and the bright Suns daughter.
Now to stay a while I onely thee desire,
What lesse canst thou wish me, that I should require?
Thou seest the Sea is rough, and thou should'st feare it:
The Winds hereafter will stand for thee more fit.
Why wilt thou goe? *Troy* is not built againe,
Thou art not call'd these warres now to maintaine.
Here's love and peace, and it is onely I
That here am wounded by loves cruelty.
While thou in safety maist stay, and command
My Kingdome, which I offer to thy hand.
When she these words had passionately to him said,
Vlysses presently his Anchor waighed,
So that the North-wind drove his sailes away,
And her words, which vainely pleaded for his stay.
Then fierce furious love began to rage,
So that she sought by art how to asswage

With her accustom'd charmes her inward flame,
But yet they could not mitigate Loves paine.
Therefore if thou expectest helpe from hence,
In charmes or love-cups put no confidence.
If some waighty occasion make thee stay in *Rome*,
Then take my counsell, for this is my doome.
He hath a great strength that at once can free
Himselfe, and set himselfe at liberty.
He that can doe thus, I'le admire his composition,
And say, he needeth not my admonition.
But thou that lovest, and wouldst thy Love forget
Yet can'st not, for thy helpe I here will set
These Rules downe: First, be sure to thinke upon
These wicked acts which thou and shee hast done.
Lay all unto the charge of the poore Maide,
Let thy cost bestowed on her be before thee laid:
Thinke how shee hath got from thee this and that,
And yet her covetous mind is insatiate.
Thinke how by her perswasions at the last
Thy house for her joincture thou hast to her past,
How shee falsified her Oath which shee had sworn
And made thee he oft-times even at her doore.
Thinke that shee loves some other, because shee
Disdaines to love, or be belov'd of thee.
And though shee will not grant thee loves delight,
Her Paramour enjoyes her every night.
Let these things deepely through thy senses strike,
And from hence take occasion of dislike.

And I would have thee vse such amplification
That may set forth her wrongs with aggravation.
For if thou doe begin once to repent,
Thy wrongs will make thee straightway eloquent.
My selfe to loue a Maid, was once inclin'd,
But shee prov'd not agreeable to my mind:
Yet like sick *Podalirius* I was cured
By my owne medicines which I had procured.
For I that am Loves Physician, will not sticke
To confesse that I my selfe for love was sicke,
But by scanning my Sweet-hearts faults I cur'd my
And by often doing so regain'd my health.
My Mistresse hath, thought I, but a bad thigh,
And yet, to confesse the truth, I did but lye.
My Mistresse armes are not so faire, quoth I,
And yet, to confesse the truth, I did but lye.
Shee is slow of stature, and indifferent,
And hence I grounded my dislike and hate.
And since Vertues unto vices are so neere,
Her Vertues vices to me did appeare.
Thou all her naturall gifts thou maist deface,
And let thy blinded Judgement her disgrace.
If that shee be fulbodied call her fat;
If shee be browne, then thou must call her black;
And if thou shee be slender in the waste,
For leanenesse then finde fault with her thou maist.
Thou may'st call her wanton, if well behav'd shee be;
If honest, a piece of cold nicitey.

And often presse her that she would but glance (wan
To shew that skill which thou know'st shee do
If shee have no voice, desire her for to sing;
If shee cannot dance, her unto dancing bring.
If that her speech be homely, rude, and course,
Then give her still occasion of discourse
And if her skill in Musick be not much,
Desire her to give her Lute a gentle touch.
If that her steps and gate uncomely be,
Be sure that thou doe make her walke with thee
And if her breasts hang downe on either side,
Pull off the Tiffeny that doth them hide.
Then make her laugh if that she have bad teeth,
If slender eyes, with lad stories make her weepe.
And sometimes to thy Mistresse in a morning come
Before she be drest, or head-tyres put on.
For what are Maids when that they are undrest?
When they are in their cloaths, they are as the best
With Pearles & Gold they dresse themselves with A
And the Maid is of herselfe even the least part.
And then thou must imagine thou hast lost almost
In this throng of cloaths the Maid whom thou lov
And like a witty Lover take delight
In a feeling manner to delude thy sight.
Yet to this Rule too much credit doe not give,
For a careless beauty many doth deceive.
When thy Mistresse is painting of her selfe, then r
Into her presence, and so make her blush a

The

Thou ſhalt finde her Boxes, and her colours there
With which ſhe makes her breſt ſeeme white & faire,
Her window will ſmell like to *Rhimnes* table,
So that to turne thy ſtomack it will be able,
And now I purpoſe after-ward to ſhew
What in the acts of *Venus* thou muſt doe,
That Love wherein thou takeſt ſuch delight,
May thereby b'abaniſht and quite put to flight.
Many Rules for ſhame I muſt leave unexprest,
But by my words thou mayſt conceive the reſt.
For ſome of late my Bookes doe carpe and blame,
Becauſe my *Muſe* hath ſuch a wanton veine,
Let him diſgrace thoſe Workes which I have done,
So my *Verſe* may pleaſe, and through the World be ſung.
Envy detracted from great *Homers* Wit,
And *Zoilus*, thou didſt get a name by it:
And ſacrilegious tongues have out of ſpight
Diſgrac'd his *Lines* * that did of *Æneas* write. * *Virg.*
Envy, winds, thunder, aime at, blow, and ſtrike
Thoſe things that are advanc'd to greateſt height.
But thou that art diſpleas'd with our looſe veine,
Conceive each ſubject muſt have a fit ſtraine.
Warres muſt be in *Heroick Verſes* writ,
Not enterlac'd with pleaſant ſtraines of Wit.
Anger becomes a high-lin'd *Tragedy*,
A common line a merry *Comedy*:
Iambick Verſes ſerve to jeere and flout,
Whether they doe runne ſwiftly, or o'reflow.

The Elegy doth sing of quiver'd Love,
Even as thy Mistresse cursst or kinde doth prove.
It would not become *Callimachus* to rehearse
The praise of *Achilles* in his verse:
Nor would *Cydippe* be a subject fit
For *Homers* full line, and his strength of wit.
Who can endure, that wanton *Thais* should be
Acted in the play of *Andromache*.
My Art is directed to such as *Thais* be;
My wanton vine is sportive, and most free:
Of *Thais* only my Art hath a care,
Not those that with a fillet bind their haire;
For if my Muse hath lively here exprest
Her matter fitly in the way of jest:
My Muse shall overcome those have abus'd her,
And of a false crime, falsly have accus'd her;
Let envy burst, my Muse shall have a name,
The more she frownes, the more shall be her fame,
For envies hatred will encrease my fame:
Then envy be sure to crosse me, for if I live,
I'le give thee more occasion for to grieve.
For it will vexe thy heart (I know) to see
My Verses famous with posterity.
For as my fame encreaseth, my desire
Of fame encreaseth, and still mounteth higher,
Though my panting horses now begin to climbe
The hill, they may reach to the top in time.

For

or Elegies are indebted unto mee,
s much as Heroicks unto *Virgil* bee.

Ovids Remedy of Love.
Lib. 2.

HItherto we have answered envy, now againe
I wil recal my selfe, draw in my raines
nd I the Poet will proceede to runne
n in that circle which I have begunne.
When thou art to performe the youthfull deed,
nd that to lie with thee she hath agreed;
nd that the promis'd night is now at hand,
Wherein unto thy bargaine thou must stand:
ye with some other, least thou being full of pleasure,
hy Mistresse doe requite thee with such measure,
nd answer thee againe, with such sweet height
Of dalliance that may take thee with delight.
n any one bestow thy strength of Love,
nd thy next affection will more mild'er prove.
Venus is still most powerfull at the first,
ut heate seekes shades, and water quenches thirst.
am asham'd, yet to speake I will assay,
oyne *Venus* shapes in an uncomely way.

Which may at any time be eaſily done,
For they ſuppoſe nought doth them miſ-become.
Then to ſet open the Windows I thee bid,
And by day-light marke thoſe parts that are hid.
And whē th' pleaſur's ended which thou hadſt deſir'd
And that thy minde and body both are tyr'd:
While thou repenſt that thou a maid didſt touch,
And reſolv'ſt neere againe to doe ſo much.
Then obſerve the faults which in her body are,
Looke on her then when ſhe lies nak'd and bare.
If theſe rules ſeeme of ſmall uſe unto any
Though all availe not, ſome may being many.
The little Vipers biting kills the Bull,
And a little hound the Boare will tugge and pull:
Of my precepts, being many, the beſt take,
Many collected a great heape doe make.
But ſince ſo many men and mindes there are
To credit me in all things take no care;
For that which doth not offend thee, may be thought
Perhaps by another for to be a fault.
He that hath ſeene thoſe parts ſhould not be ſeene,
His love will coole, though it hath furious beene.
He that hath ſeen when his ſweet-heart doth riſe
From *Venus* encounter and her Varieties,
What ſtaines and ſpots moſt ſhamefully are ſpred
On the polluted and defiled bed.
If theſe things can delight you, he will ſay,
Proceede you lovers, and ſtill ſport and play.

For when that Loves torch hath enflam'd your mind,
Your ſuddaine heate then no diſlike can finde:
For when *Cupid* drawes his arrowes to the head,
The greater wounds of Love are thereby bred.
And then of Lovers the wounded company
Require the greater care and remedy.
What ſhall we ſay to thoſe that have laine hid
In ſome ſecret corner, while their ſweet-heart did
Make water, and ſo by that meanes did ſee
Thoſe parts which for modeſty ſhould concealed be?
The gods forbid we ſhould ſuch rules invent,
Though they profit, yet they are not expedient.
But I adviſe thee for to have two Loves;
He that loves many, to none loving proves.
When Love is ſo divided, then at length,
One Love abateth from the others ſtrength.
Great Rivers that within the full bankes glided,
Grow leſſe, being into ſmaller ſtreames divided.
And if ſticks be pull'd aſunder, then the fire
Doth ſtraight goe out, and the flame doth expire.
One Anchor cannot hold a ſtout ſhip faſt,
One hooke is not enough for to be caſt
Into the water: he that provides two things
Obtaines his ends, and ſtill the victory wins.
Thou that unwillingly didſt one ſweet-heart ſerve,
Finde out another that may thy love deſerve.
Minos forgot his love to *Paſiphae*,
When he in love with *Procne* needs would be.

Alcineus

Alcinous did his *Phygie* love forget,
When he *Calirhoe* to his bed did get.
And *Paris* still had *Oenone* loved,
If the Whore *Helen* he had not approved.
Pandion of his wife *Progne* tooke care,
Till her sister *Philomel* did seeme more faire:
Why should I more examples here unfold?
"Since a new Love makes men forsake the old,
A Mother for her childs death makes lesse mone
That had many, than shee doth that had but one.
And doe not thinke that I new lawes doe mention,
Yet would it were the glory of my invention,
Since *Atrides* who did all things see, this saw,
And was not all *Greece* by him kept in awe?
For he himselfe was conquerd by the looke
Of *Chryses* whom he in the warres had tooke:
But yet her father foolishly then wept,
Because he had her from *Achilles* kept:
Why dost thou weepe old man for the happy fate
Of thy Daughter hindering so her happy state?
For when *Chalchas* trusting in *Achilles* aide,
Had commanded that he should restore the Maide,
Atrides said, even shee that is next in fame,
And some letters tooke away, hath the same name,
Her let *Achilles* yeeld me if he be wise,
Else he shall feele that power he doth despise.
If this action (*Grecians*) foule to you appeare,
Know that my stout hand doth the Scepter beare:

If

I am King, then ſhe ſhall with me ſleepe,
ſe may *Therſites* all my Kingdomes keepe.
his ſaid, he had her in his firſt loves ſtead,
s new love curd the old, for ſtraight it fled.
s *Agamemnon* did, looke thou doſt doe,
t love into a maze by loving two.
thou wouldſt know to get them, read our *Arts*
f Love, and thou ſhalt have choice of Sweet-hearts,
ut if our Rules have any power to heale,
Apollo doe his Art by me reveale.
hough thou burnſt as if *Ætna* did thee enfold,
eeme to thy Miſtreſſe in affection cold:
iſſemble thy paine, that thou maiſt her deceive.
nd laugh then, when thou inwardly doſt grieve.
would not have thee ſtraight way quench thy flame,
ver thy affections thou mayſt raigne.
d thee onely but to counterfeit,
former affection thou didſt quit:
nd ſo by imitation thou ſhalt doe
hat which thou faigneds't, really and true.
or oftentimes that I might ſo ſhunne drinking,
would counterfeit my ſelfe aſleepe by winking:
nd while I in counterfeiting did proceed,
many times have fallen aſleep indeed.
o thoſe who cunning in counterfeiting are,
oe ſeldome fall into Loves ſpring or ſnare.
he mind by cuſtome doth Love entertaine,
nd it by cuſtome is forgot againe.

He

He that can counterfeit himselfe no Love,
By counterfeiting shall his health recover.
Come if shee bid thee at the appointed night,
And if shee shut her doore, yet beare it light.
Doe not thou use soft complements, or prate
With flattering words, or scold before her gate:
Or if that shee doe lock thee out in spight,
Doe not thou at her threshold lie all night:
Nor yet complaine unto her in the morning;
Nor shew a signe of sorrow for her scorning
Thy Love: for when shee sees thou dost not grieve
For her disdaine, shee her disdaine will leave.
Thy Love will cease if thou thus careleſse seeme.
The Horse resists the bridle when 'tis seene.
But use such pretended shewes as I have bid,
"Good effects at first are in their causes hid.
Loves cure thus by a close way shall be done,
"Since birds that see the nets, the nets doe shun.
Love her not still when shee doth thee despise,
Why should I more examples here unfold?
"Since a new Love makes men forsake the old,
A Mother for her childs death makes lesse mone
That had many, than shee doth that had but one.
And doe not thinke that I new lawes doe mention,
Yet would it were the glory of my invention,
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And was not all *Greece* by him kept in awe?
For he himselfe was conquerd by the looke
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But yet her father fooliſhly then wept,
Because he had her from *Achilles* kept:
Why dost thou weepe old man for the happy fate
Of thy Daughter hindering so her happy state?
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Had commanded that he should restore the Maide,
Atrides said, even shee that is next in fame,
And some letters tooke away, hath the same name,
Her let *Achilles* yeeld me if he be wise,
Else he shall feele that power he doth despise.
If this action (*Grecians*) foule to you appeare,
Know that my stout hand doth the Scepter beare:

If

Since there are thousand shapes of misery,
There are thousand salves to cure each misery:
Some bodies must be lanc'd, and sear'd, and cut,
And some by potions and herbs health have got.
But if thou art of a more softer mind,
So that *Love* in his fetters doth thee bind,
And like a Conqueror holds thee at his beck,
And cruelly doth tread upon thy neck,
To struggle with thy passion thou must cease,
Let thy winds drive thy ship as they doe please.
I would have thee quench the thirst of thy desire,
And with some common water quench thy fire:
And thou maist drink far more then will suffice,
Till full of water thou dost it despise.
With thy Sweet-heart take thy fill of delight,
And in her company spend both day and night:
For thy Love will end with such satiety.
And thou shalt be able to want her company,
And carry from her: hungry Love is tyr'd

[illegible] thou wouldst allow to [illegible]

Of Love, and thou shalt have choice of Sweet-hearts.
But if our Rules have any power to heale,
Apollo doe his Art by me reveale.
Though thou burnst as if *Ætna* did thee enfold,
Seeme to thy Mistresse in affection cold:
Dissemble thy paine, that thou maist her deceive.
And laugh then, when thou inwardly dost grieve.
I would not have thee straight way quench thy flame,
That over thy affections thou mayst raigne.
I command thee onely but to counterfeit,
As if thy former affection thou didst quit:
And so by imitation thou shalt doe
That which thou faignedst, really and true.
For oftentimes that I might so shunne drinking,
I would counterfeit my selfe asleepe by winking:
And while I in counterfeiting did proceed,
I many times have fallen asleep indeed.
So those who cunning in counterfeiting are,
Doe seldome fall into Loves spring or snare.
The mind by custome doth Love entertaine,
And it by custome is forgot againe.

He

He that can counterfeit himselfe no Lover,
By counterfeiting shall his health recover.
Come if shee bid thee at the appointed night,
And if shee shut her doore, yet beare it light.
Doe not thou use soft complements, or prate
With flattering words, or scold before her gate:
Or if that shee doe lock thee out in spight,
Doe not thou at her threshold lie all night:
Nor yet complaine unto her in the morning;
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Thy Love: for when shee sees thou dost not grieve
For her disdaine, shee her disdaine will leave.
Thy Love will cease if thou thus careleſse seeme.
The Horse resists the bridle when 'tis seene.
But use such pretended shews as I have bid,
"Good effects at first are in their causes hid.
Loves cure thus by a close way shall be done,
"Since birds that see the nets, the nets doe shun.
Love her not still when shee doth thee despise,
If shee disdaine thee, let thy courage rise.
If her gate stand open passe by though shee call,
On the appointed night come not at all.
Patience will make thee to endure annoy,
And from thy sufferings thou shalt receive joy.
There is no hardnesse in my Rules or Art:
For of a Counsellour now I play the part.
And since mens minds doe differ, and doe varie,
Our Art shall varie that may now miscarry.

Since

Since there are thousand shapes of misery,
There are thousand salves to cure each misery:
Some bodies must be lanc'd, and sear'd, and cut,
And some by potions and hearbs health have got.
But if thou art of a more softer mind,
So that *Love* in his fetters doth thee bind,
And like a Conquerour holds thee at his beck,
And cruelly doth tread upon thy neck,
To struggle with thy passion thou must cease,
Let thy winds drive thy ship as they doe please.
I would have thee quench the thirst of thy desire,
And with some common water quench thy fire.
And thou maist drinke far more than will suffice,
Till full of water thou dost it despise.
With thy Sweet-heart take thy fill of delight,
And in her company spend both day and night:
For thy Love will end with such satiety.
And thou shalt be able to want her company,
And tarry from her: hungry Love is tyn'd
With plenty, and doth loath what he desir'd.
Be not thou jealous, jealousie doth nourish
Love, and doth make it both to last and flourish.
If to extinguish Love thou hast a care,
Extinguish jealousie and idle feare.
He that feares his Mistresse should be taken from him,
There is no Remedy can worke upon him.
The Mother for that some doth take most care,
Of whose returne from the warres she stands in feare.

Neere

Neare the Colline Gate a Temple there doth ſtand
Which is from *Eryx* called, and ſo nam'd:
There love they, in the *Lerbean* waves they drench
And *Cupids* torches in thoſe waters quench.
There young-men pray, they may their loves forget
That on diſdainefull Maides their love have ſet.
But at the laſt, thus *Cupid* ſaid to me;
(Elſe 'twas a dreame, a dreame it well might be)
O thou, who teacheſt men how they ſhould love,
And teacheſt them the remedy to remove
Their paſſion: *Ovid* adde theſe rules of mine
Unto thoſe precepts, and thoſe rules of thine:
Thinke on thy troubles and thy miſery,
The thought of croſſes will make love to flye:
" And God doth never none ſo intirely bleſſe,
" But that he gives them troubles more or leſſe.
He that hath ſuits or feareth his rent day,
Is wreſted with a debt which he muſt pay.
He that hath a hard father, that doth keepe him in,
Let him think on his father, though unſeene.
If thou ſeeſt a marryed man in a poore eſtate,
Thinke that his wife doth croſſe his hapleſſe fate.
If thou in the Countrey a fruitefull Vineyard haſt,
Take care leſt ill winds ſhould thy rich Grapes blaſt.
If he have a ſhip that is returning home,
Let him thinke what loſſes oft by ſea doe come.
A Sonne at the Warres to trouble thee may be able,
Or elſe a Daughter that is marrigeable.

" What

What actions to our life belonging are,
But will afford us cause of griefe and care.
If *Paris* had remembred his brothers fate,
Their deaths had made him *Hellena* to hate:
And *Cupid* more unto me then had spake,
But that out of my dreame I then did wake.
For when my dream (sure 'twas a dream) had left me,
My waking thus, of many Rules bereft me:
Yet will I still goe on, and not forsake
My entended course, till I an end doe make.
Let Lovers take heede of sollitude, they may be
Safer, if they frequent good companie:
For thoughts of Love by being alone increase;
But if thou keepe company, then they wil cease.
Thou wilt be sad, if that thou art alone,
Thy Mistresse beauty into thy minde will come.
And thus the nights are, then the dayes more sad,
Because no company can then be had.
Shun not discourse, nor shut thy chamber doore,
Nor in the darke, thy selfe with teares deplore.
And have some *Pylades*, that may cure *Orestes*
This use of friendship 'mongst others not the least is.
What did hurt *Phyllis*, but that she did love
To frequent the Wood, and sollitary Grove?
What caused her by her owne hands to dye,
But sollitude, and want of company?
For like to *Bacchus* Nimphs through griefe and care,
She was wont to goe with loose dishevelled haire,

And

And sometimes looking to the Sea she would stand,
Sometimes being weary, lye downe on the sand:
Faithlesse *Demophoon*, full of treachery;
Faithlesse *Demophoon* she aloud did cry (breake
To the deafe waves, that gainst their shoares did
While sobs did breake off those words she did speake.
There was a narrow path cover'd with a shade,
By which to the Sea she of her journey made:
Her miserable steppes had even worne
This new way walking on't alone forlorne:
And with a pale countenance being hither come,
Upon her silken girdle she looketh downe:
She lookes upon the lengthes, doubts, and doth fear,
And to doe what she desires, she doth not dare.
At last her fingers about her necke did knit
A halter, and to hang her selfe with it.
O *Phyllis*! hadst thou not then begun alone,
The woods for *Phyllis* had not made such mone.
For every wood doth grieve for their contrives
That for love each yeare it mournes without leaves.
Let maids and men by *Phyllis* example take,
Beware of being alone for *Phyllis* sake.
There was a iong than that had almost done
What my Muse prescribes, to this head he was come:
But while that he kept company with each Lover,
Hee lost that he thinke did before recover:
And Love did take again his Golden Dart,
And shot this young man deeply to the heart.

If thou doſt love, and wouldſt not love, then ſee
That thou doe ſhunne all amorous company.
For unto Cattell this much hurt hath done,
Who from each other take infection.
Their Eyes, that looke on bad eyes are hurt by it.
Bodies to bodies infection doe tranſmit.
And ſometimes a River that's hard by doth flow,
And moiſten places that are dry in ſhow.
So love concealed through thy veines will glide,
If with thy Miſtreſſe thou doſt ſtill abide:
And in framing excuſes we all witty be,
That we may enjoy our Miſtreſſe company.
Another too was cured, but his paine
Renew'd by living neere to her againe:
His wounds of Love once heal'd, did bleed afreſh,
And ſo my Art thereby had no ſucceſſe.
If fire be neere a houſe, 'twill ſoone take fire:
Keepe from thoſe places that may ſtirre deſire.
For if that ſhee within the Cloyſters walke,
Goe not unto her, nor yet with her talke:
For why ſhouldſt thou by talking with her againe,
Thy warme love with the heate of love enflame?
If thou art hungry, thou wilt not refraine
When meat's before thee, to fall to againe:
And when the water ſprings up in thy ſight,
To ſee it ſpring up will thy thirſt incite.
The Bull that ſees a Cow, follows her ſtraightway:
The Horſe that ſees a Mare, after her will neigh.

Yet Love will not leave thee though this course ta-
'Tis not enough that thou dost her forsake: (ke
But bid her Mother, Sister, Nurse farewell,
And who soe'r doth with thy Mistresse dwell.
Her servant and waiting-maid both shunne.
If with commendations to thee they doe come
From thy Mistresse, and doe with a feigned teare
Deliver it, their words doe thou not heare:
Nor how she does see that thou doe not aske,
Of this silence thou wilt find the good at last:
And thou that of thy Mistresse doest complaine,
Cease thy complaints, they doe increase thy flame.
Thy love through silence better will expire,
A silent suffering will quench thy desire.
In silence strive thy affection to remove.
Who saith too oft he doth not love, doth love;
For flames of love are by degrees expell'd,
It is a wound that must be slowly heal'd.
Torrents more swiftly run than Rivers deepe,
Yet this is shallow, that one course doth keepe:
For love by stealth away from Lovers flyes,
And by degrees it languishes and dyes.
Yet never hate that Maid whom thou didst wooe,
Such dispositions savage beasts doe shew.
He is not cur'd that endeth love with hate,
For still he loves, though he doth her forsake.
They that were Lovers once, should not turne foes,
Appius doth hate such dissentions as these.

For Love thus to insinuate doth use,
And makes us love those whom we doe accuse:
And wandring Love hath found out an invention
To beget love by wrangling and dissention.
A young man stood by his sweet-hearts bed-side,
And she began to threaten him, and chide:
Whereat in being ready away to goe,
She bid him draw the Curtaines, he did so;
Which as soone as he had ignorantly done,
He saw his wife, then he grew mute and dumbe.
But yet at last embracing her, quoth he,
Pardon my errour, thou hast conquer'd me.
And so from her he did depart in peace.
Though he were cheated, yet all strife did cease.
Let her have those gifts she hath from thee obtaind,
For by such losses greatest good is gain'd.
But if that you by chance with her doe meet,
These Rules which I doe give you, in mind keepe.
Take courage, and expresse thy valour on her,
Thy *Penthesilea* with thy weapon conquer.
Think on thy Rivall, and how often late
Thou hast stood knocking at thy Mistresse gate:
And for those vowes which thou hast often made,
Now punish her, let her be soundly paid.
Curle not thy haire, nor when thou com'st to see
Thy Mistresse, let thy Doublet unbuttoned be.
Nor of other Maids take thou care to please any,
But let her be to thee instead of many.

But now I'le shew what slacks the cure of love,
And you your selfe shall an example prove.
For we hardly cease to love, when we believe
We are below'd againe, and so deceive
Our selves; since we most credulous and apt be
To deceive our selves with our selfe-flattery.
But unto oaths or words no credit give,
For what than they doth oftner us deceive?
Nor if thy Mistresse weepe, yet be not caught
With teares, for she her eyes to weepe hath taught.
Lovers minds are divers wayes beseig'd and try'd,
Like a Rock beaten with waves on every side.
Shew not the causes why thou dost her leave,
Nor tell her why thou grievst, yet closely grieve.
Tell her not of her faults what soe'r they are:
For if she come to excuse them, then beware,
For whatsoe'r her case is, you must know;
In thy owne cause she will thee overthrow.
In silence beare all: for if thou dost stand
To reason with a Mayd, and still demand
Satisfaction for some wrong thou didst sustaine,
Thou wilt fold thy selfe in love at last againe.
Yet to clip *Cupids* wings is not my intent,
Nor shall his Bow by my Art be unbent:
It is counsell unto you which I doe sing,
Therefore obey those Rules which I doe bring.
And bright *Apollo* as thou still hast done,
Assist my worke, that it may yet goe on.

Phœ

Phœbus is preſent; harke, me thinkes I heare
His ſounding Harpe; *Phœbus* is preſent here:
In his reſplendant robe I have him eſpy'd,
Richer than robes in *Tyrian* Purple dy'd.
You then that are in love, ſee you compare
Your miſtreſſes to thoſe that are more faire.
Each goddeſſe unto *Paris* faire did ſeeme;
But comparing their beauties, he did then eſteeme
Venus the faireſt: Thus let every lover
Compare his miſtreſſe beauty with ſome other.
And ſo with others thou maiſt compare her minde,
Let not affection thy judgement blinde.
Briefe are the Rules I ſhall hereafter ſing,
Yet ſuch, as unto many helpe did bring.
And I have found the power of my owne Art,
Which when I was in love did eaſe my ſmart.
Keepe not thy Miſtreſſe letters, nor them read;
Much harme from reading letters doth proceed:
Put them into the flame, and ſay this fire
Shall burne this letter kindling my deſire.
Theſtius in a brand her ſonne did burne,
To burne a trecherous letter wilt thou mourne?
Remoove her picture; why ſhouldſt thou be took
With the faire ſhadow of a beauteous looke?
And alſo ſee that thou'doſt ſhun thoſe places,
That are guilty of your amorous embraces.
For when thou thoſe places doſt behold and veiw,
Paſt pleaſures will thy preſent griefe renew.

Thinke not thus with thy false here she and I
Have beene together, here did together lye:
Here on this bed we slept both with delight,
And I enjoyd her here one happy night.
Such thoughts as these doe but renew our flames,
And make the wound of love to bleede againe.
For as a Brimston match will new life give
To dying cinders, making them revive,
And as one sparke may kindle a great fire,
So one sparke of love may enflame thy desire.
So unlesse thou endeavour to shun all
Occasions, that thy Love to minde may call,
Thy flame of Love which seemed to expire,
Will burne againe in thee with fresh desire.
The Sea-man rejoyceth when he hath sayld by
A dangerous Rocke which in his way doth lye.
But take heed of those places which appeare
Pleasant, because thou hadst thy pleasure there:
These places Rocks to shipwrack thee become,
And as *Carybdis* feethou them doe shun.
And in some things, wee can but advise our best,
And must commit to fortune all the rest.
For Love when it is poorest is most wise,
Riches and wealth doe seeme to blinde his eyes.
Poore men in Love oft-times more wise do me show
For Riches doe make Love a wanton grow.
Why did none of poore *Hercle* a Wife make?
Why did none *Iras* for a Husband take?

For

For this, the Mayd was poore, and therefore tarry'd:
So was the other poore, and so not marry'd.
Besides, the Theaters doe not thus frequent,
While in thy breast love is not resident:
For while thou hear'st their Songs and Musick sweet,
And seest their Dances, these the mind doe soften.
There fained Lovers oftentimes advance
Themselves, and in a Maske doe meet and dance.
Actors doe shew the Lovers cunning slight,
And their shewing of it thinks up delight.
Read not *Callimachus* who of Love doth write,
And *Coan*, who doth him that straine endite.
Sappho hath made me love my Mistresse better, (ter.
And the *Telus Musæ* hath made my love waxe grea-
Who can with safety read *Tibullus Verse*?
Or those, which *Cinthia's* Lover doth rehearse?
Who that reads *Gallus* Verses doth not melt?
And some by mine the like effects have felt.
For unlesse *Apollo* doe frustrate my labour,
There are no Love-lines can like mine get favour.
Though there be some that faine would imitate me,
Yet beleeve that none are Rivals unto thee.
The more *Hermione* was lov'd of another,
The more *Orestes* did begin to love her.
Menelaus griev'd not when to *Creete* he went,
And though his wife was absent, was content:
But when he saw that *Paris* stole her had,
Then for his wife he raged, and grew mad.

"Those that love not their wives, yet when they [illegible]
"Another love their wives, they jealous be.
This bred *Achilles* griefe and sad annoy,
Because that *Agamemnon* should her enjoy:
He wept, nor did he onely weepe it did seeme,
But something did, or else he had no full theme.
Truely although my wife dome be much rich,
I think that I my selfe had done as much:
For out of envy to him he did receive
Her first fruits, and the next to him did leave.
Though that he ne're touch't *Bryseis* he doth love
By his Scepter, his Scepter was and God to heare.
Then still passe by thy forsaken Mistresse gate,
And let thy quick steps thence convey thee straight:
And sure thou maist performe it, if thy mind
Doe gather strength, and be thereto inclin'd.
For when thou passest by goe quick and fast,
Spurre on thy selfe as if thou wert in haste,
Think that the *Syrens* in that house doe dwell,
And make haste from her, so all shall be well.
And for thy Rivall never grieved be,
Esteeme him not now as thy enemy:
Or salute him though thy hatred doe remaine,
For 'tis a signe thou art thy selfe againe.
And that I may play the Physitians part,
What meats to use I will prescribe by Art.
For Scallions from *Lybia* sent to thee,
Or else from *Megaris* both hurtfull be:

And luſtfull Eringoe's ſee that thou doe ſhun,
Which unto Venery make the body prone.
Rather eate Rue that ſharpeneth the ſight,
And that which hindreth *Venus* ſoft delight.
If concerning Wine thou wouldſt have me to ſhew
Some Rules, my Rules at this time ſhall be few.
Wine doth prepare the minde to Venerie,
Unleſſe you drinke too much, and drunken be:
For too much Wine the affections ſtupefie,
When that the heart in Wine doth buried lie.
For as by blowing a fire may be kindled,
So by blowing a new fire may be extinguiſhd.
A gentle winde doth nouriſh the weake flame,
A violent puffe doth put it out againe.
Drinke ſo much Wine as may thy cares expell,
If thou drinkſt more or leſſe, thou doſt not well.
This worke is done, now with freſh Garlands Crown'd
My Ship which to the intended Haven's come,
And to your ſacred Poet offerings give,
You Lovers that from hence did helpe receive.

FINIS.